

# Belly, Red

Red, you look tired  
You look older than your mother  
Where should I not touch?  
What should I not kiss?  
Where does it hurt?  
Red, in you slumber  
You look younger, so much stronger  
Honey on your breath  
Heaven in your head  
Where does it hurt?  
Red, Red, Red, oh  
Red, Red, Red, oh  
So long in this house  
It's a big one, full of scarecrows, even now so  
You look ahead to the edge  
Of a big metal sun over sunset, overheated, over  
Over welcome home, our only son  
Red, Red, Red, oh  
Red, Red, Red, oh  
Red, Red, Red, oh  
Come over, open mouth like Venus  
Come over, over mountain like Vesuvius  
Send a rocket to Red and he goes coo-coo  
Send a rocket to Red and he goes coo-coo  
Come over, open mouth like Venus  
Come over, over mountain like Vesuvius  
Send a rocket to Red and he goes coo-coo  
Send a rocket to Red and he goes coo-coo  
Send a rocket to Red, send a rocket to Red